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HUMOROUS WEEKLY

# PUCK

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OFFICE N° 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



THE POLITICAL ADDLED EGG,  
Which HEWITT and OTTENDORFER can't hatch.

"P U C K ",  
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Editor "P U C K ",  
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## PUCK'S CARTOONS.

## AMERICANS' HOMAGE TO "INFALLIBILITY."

P U C K is nothing if not tolerant, and is a sincere lover of both civil and religious liberty. He has no more objection to the Hindoo's sacred regard for Benares than to the Jew's affection for Jerusalem; he holds the Mohammedan's interest in Mecca or Medina is entitled to equal respect with the Roman Catholic's attachment to Rome. Carefully analyzed, these sentiments but prove to be means to an end; but how that end is to be gained in the most expeditious manner—if it can be approached at all—is not for P U C K to point out. But the spectacle of an American Pilgrimage to Rome is not exhilarating in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, putting all religious doctrine out of the question. Presumably enlightened American citizens, if they have any pride in the government of their native or adopted country, ought to find some better means of showing it than in humbling themselves to the dust and showering good dollars and cents on the feeble old ex-ruler of that corrupt and happily defunct misgovernment, the States of the Church. The money could be applied here to infinitely more worthy purpose. Pius the Ninth, the successor of St. Peter, sits on his throne and smiles affably and complacently on the silly delegation of irrational zealots, who are welcome only on account of their valuable burdens of "Peter's Pence," of which he not unwillingly relieves them. P U C K can understand Alfonso, of Spain, and MacMahon, of France, lending themselves to this painful demonstration; but for the free citizens of our Republic, who can practice any religion they see fit, this servile recognition of a purely sectional Italian institution, controlled by an ignorant parcel of voluptuous priests, is as far removed from the true spirit of any Catholic or Protestant Christian faith, as God is from the Devil.

## THE ADDLED EGG.

*Farturunt montes, nasceretur ridiculus mus,* but in this instance not even a *ridiculus mus* is brought forth, notwithstanding the apparently praiseworthy efforts of the female poultry Ottendorfer and Hewitt to coax life out of the rotten object. Their demoralization is complete, although such attempts at Civil Service Reform are commendable enough. But to put their Utopian ideas into any sort of practical shape, having due regard to "party considerations," is quite another matter. Radical change in our State or National Civil Service is well nigh impossible under our system of government, and especially so while gangs of trading and disreputable politicians continue to exercise so strong and baleful an influence over the Legislatures generally.

DR. MARY has a German lover, who sings to her: "*Du bist wie eine Bloomer.*"

## TELEPHONOGRAMS.

LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.  
FROM 'PUCK'S' SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT.



RUSSO-TURKISH CAMP.

You mustn't bull-doze me because I don't send any news, when I'm making all I can, and more, too. Indeed I'm the only correspondent whose information is allowed to be forwarded without being subjected to the scrutiny of the authorities.

A terrible disaster has overtaken five-fourths of the Turkish Bath Celebrated Boot-blackers' White-washers' Brigaded Corps d'Armée. They advanced on Spuyten Duyvil, and when within range of the formidable Krupp guns at the Hong-Kong patent mangle, about one and-a-half Russians surrounded the four thousand Turks, cut five thousand of them into mince-meat—afterwards used for country sausages; the remainder attended the rapid transit meeting at Chickering Hall, and the other fellows were unanimously elected ex-Presidents of the United States of America—much to the satisfaction of Dom Pedro's cousin on the grandmother's side. Blackwell's Island may now be considered "*ars est celare artem*," if not *non compos mentis*; and the question of revictualing Nicsic is certainly an abominable aminadic conic section.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus are considerably exercised at the indictment of Gaff, Fleischman & Co., and don't think that Henry Bergh has much milk-cow human kindness. A wide-spread conspiracy has been discovered to remove the Russian Empire to South Africa, notwithstanding the opposition of several prominent peanut peddlers in Pittsburgh.

Reliable intelligence has just reached me that Constantinople has fallen.

Reliabler intelligence confirms the above in every respect, except that Constantinople hasn't fallen.

Have just had a champagne cocktail with the Sultan, who can't get over Beecher's unnatural conduct. Had he not proved a renegade, the Sultan would have turned the Mosque of St. Sophia into a Turkish Plymouth Church, for Beecher's benefit.

Constantinople, like New York, has now to wait for its Fall until September.

This premature report arose through Anna Dickinson threatening to spring a mine, and take summary vengeance on Willy Winter.

A double Dutch dispatch from Jerusalem and Madagascar, dated 32d Feb., says: "The Rockaway Saddle-Rocks' attack on Gibraltar from the Alleghany Mountainsides has begun.

Deacon Richard Smith, with two men and a boy, advanced from the "vexed Bermoothes" up the Central Park Ramble, the object being to reach a base-ball ground in burning Lapland's golden sands. The Lazzaroni met the attack on the Tribune's tall tower. The fight is still being "fit," and the enemy is getting fits. Something between a million and half-a-dozen were relieved of the trouble of paying board-bills for an indefinite period.

## Putterings.

A GOOD name for a firm of ventilator manufacturers—More, Ayer & Co.—Boston Advertiser.

Yes: all drafts on that firm would be promptly honored; they could "raise the wind" whenever they pleased.

A MAN who took a bath in Saratoga Lake the other day, came out and found that a horse had eaten up his neck-tie. His choler was frightful to contemplate.

THE public dog-killer of Syracuse is named J. Fennimore Cooper. That's a Novel circumstance, certainly. With such a high-priced name, he must prove a "dear slayer" for his employers.

IT is now generally conceded by literary antiquarians that Charon was the first writer of Across-styx.

A SIXTH AVENUE baker raced a boy who stole a pie twenty squares the other afternoon, and didn't catch him after all. It was a clear case of pie-race-y.

MR. JULIAN ONION, of London, has 'pealed to Parliament for a change of name.—Commercial Advertiser. This has just leaked out.

IN this season of cholera morbus, the importation of big 'ripe watermelons may be termed a groan evil.

IT is said that the peculiar green scum of last year has already appeared in the Croton Reservoir; but we take nostoc in this.

IT is just hereabouts that the first pic-nic parties go out into the damp woods and get a good square chance of re-assembling on the other side of Jordan.

THERE was a New Jersey farmaire,  
Who cast off his burden of care,  
He whistled a tune  
And remarked "It is June!  
'Tis the month of the summer bordaire."

"To the prophet I never will truckle,"  
Said Stillson the brave, with a chuckle,  
"I'm a correspondent  
With a test-u-ament,  
And a bullet-proof suspender buckle."

THERE was once a clerical gent  
Had the courage to say what he meant,  
When they said "You're heretical!"  
He became energetical,  
And they didn't feel good, for a cent.

NOTHING but trials for heresy. The latest clergymen in hot water are the Rev. Doctors Blauvelt and Miller. They both doubt the existence of the Godhead, according to the orthodox acceptance of the term, and are to suffer for their opinions. It is, however, comforting to think that if all the ministers are become heretics, we at least have Beecher to fall back upon. He does believe in Heaven, and expects to go there—if the Lord doesn't interfere.

THE girls in the High School at Lewiston, Maine, were requested by their principal to dress in American prints on graduation day, and the copies of fancy illustrated newspapers that were bought up in consequence were simply startling in number and kinds.

THIS is a very unsettled condition of things. Here is a Teuton citizen who, on being arrested for drunkenness, has proved that he got intoxicated on one glass of lager; while another compatriot of his has made known to the world that by eating a raw turnip between every thirty-five beers, that refreshing draught may be quaffed all night long with impunity. It is before such contradictory mysteries of an unfathomable universe that science herself stands dumb and awestruck.

THE green peach wakes up and scratches its head, turns over, ripest side out, and gets down off the tree to stand sweetly and innocently in the path of the little boy whom the gods love.

THERE is a street in Boston that contains thirteen houses, one of which is occupied by an old maid, and the other twelve by widows. We don't know who the widow's callers are, but we can safely say that none of them ever get into the old maid's house by mistake.

OLEBILLALLEN is above ground again, giving us fog in a thimble.

#### J'AIME LES MILITAIRES.

A WOMAN who wears powder on her face, exposes her arms and "bangs" her hair, may certainly be said to have a military style about her.

#### SUMMER RESORT JOTTINGS.

THE Bostonians will go to Nahant, this summer, and the bean crop at that place is being cultivated with great assiduity.

CAP MAY has engaged an experienced and skillful bootblack for the entire season, to meet the wishes of those few eccentric Philadelphians who indulge in this aristocratic luxury.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS has added a new disease to the list of those which can be cured by its sublime water manufactory, and is prepared to receive any number of morbid visitors.

LAKE MOHAWK has been rendered doubly attractive by an extra kind of piety. The hotel-keeper's hats are two inches broader-brimmed than last season; prayers will be said every ten minutes during the day, and Mr. Francis Murphy will be in constant attendance.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS have been greatly improved since last year; all the modern improvements have been put in, and a great influx of guests is expected this summer.

MOUNT WASHINGTON has been planted with trailing arbutus, beneath whose lofty branches city lovers may coo away the golden hours of June, July, August and possibly September and November. Indeed there would be no objection to this cooing away the golden hours of January, if they want to.

#### THE MEERSCHAUM.

**F**HE sailor may boast of his free going bark,  
The soldier his colors may prize,  
The poet may sing of the heaven-wing'd lark;  
And the lover, of Annie's bright eyes;  
The schoolman may gladden his life with his books,  
The statesman ambition desire,  
The maiden may dream of her darling's good looks,  
And the matron of costly attire.

But give me the meerschaum—the bonnie brown  
bowl—  
With its ruddy cheeks, glowing and ripe,  
And I'll sing, as the smoke-clouds up heavenwards  
roll,  
Of the glorious joys of a pipe!  
A pipe, boys, a pipe.

Like Venus, she sprang from the froth of the sea,  
Pure and white as your lady-love's hand,  
And they sought the rich amber her husband to be,  
And they bound them both fast with a band  
Of glowing white silver, a wedding-ring there  
That clasps the bright tapering stems,  
He all golden-clouded, she dainty and fair,  
Like a queen from the kingdom of gems.

Then give me the meerschaum—the bonnie brown  
bowl—  
With its ruddy cheeks glowing and ripe,  
And I'll sing, as the smoke-clouds up heavenwards  
roll,  
Of the glorious joys of a pipe!  
A pipe, boys, a pipe.

Should your lover prove false, should your friend prove a  
foe,  
And your fortune a castle in Spain;  
Should your heart be crushed down by its burden of woe  
And your mind be distracted with pain,  
Why, light up your pipe, boys, bid sorrow good-bye,  
See the smoke to the ceiling up-curl,  
And you'll find, as you follow the wreaths with your eye,  
The dark clouds of your sadness unfurl.

Then give me the meerschaum—the bonnie brown  
bowl—  
With its ruddy cheeks glowing and ripe,  
And I'll sing, as the smoke-clouds up heavenwards  
roll,  
Of the glorious joys of the pipe!  
A pipe, boys, a pipe.

BERNARD BIGSEY.

#### FOREIGN FUN.

**F**UCK has once before had occasion to remark that the wit of our English cousins is fearful and wonderful in its construction. Beside a London humorous weekly, an undertaker's congress is a hilarious pic-nic. And for funeral humor, *Yorick* will take the lead of all the Cockney comics. *Punch* is mournful, *Judy* is dyspeptic, and *Fun* is positively lugubrious. But for out-and-out dismal dreariness, we must accord the palm to *Yorick*. He may have been, at one time, a fellow of infinite jest, but since *Hamlet* dug him up and remarked that he "smelt soap, ah!" *Yorick* has not been as funny as he was.

The issue of May 26th is remarkable for its exhibition of positively monumental brass. It has the unspeakable cheek to trot out, by way of a war-joke, the venerable, hoary-headed, antediluvian, prehistoric, post-pliocene "Boss for us."

Nor is this all. Not content with this act of unparalleled fiendishness, it placidly remarks that "the trade of the Prime Minister is that of a cabinet-maker."

Moses, when he was loafing about the court of Pharaoh, made that joke one day, and his Egyptian Majesty gave orders to have him taken out and drowned. He said it was a pet joke of his ancestor, Osirtesen I., the first of his line, and he wasn't going to have his family insulted in that style.

But Moses got off by an effectual *argumentum ad hominem*; he convicted the king of having, the day before, done worse, himself, in cribbing a little witticism of Methuselah's—namely, this, which *Yorick* prints in the same column:

"Quality of the Temperature at Greenwich Observatory.—Mean.

When it was found out that Pharaoh had done that thing, he fell greatly in the esteem of his courtiers.

But he would have fallen still more, had he said anything like this:

"The Ottoman army is well provided with Krupp guns. So that in order to prevent coming a cropper, his Majesty the Sultan wisely takes to the Krup-per."

We don't know that their could be anything worse than that; but, just for fun, PUCK will try his hand at this kind of work.

The weather is very damp and unpleasant along the Danube, and it is possible the Czar's artillerymen may catch the Krupp.

Or again:

Won't the introduction of these foreign arms tend to K'rupp (t) the Ottoman forces?

There, that's the best PUCK can do in the cemetery-humor line; but if any one wants to see how the bold Briton can shine in his own favorite funny business, let him look at *Yorick* for May 26th.

#### A QUESTION OF PERSONAL IDENTITY.

If you were I, and I were you,  
And you and I some time together  
Should meet with some one else who knew  
Both you and me, I ask you whether  
He you for me would take or me  
For you, or for some other man, sir.  
Would he eye you, or you, i. e.,  
Would I, eye? Aye, I want an answer.

G. L. C.

#### Answers for the Anxious.

MISS M. E.—We scarcely think you were entirely in earnest when you said you inclosed us a contribution to our waste-basket. We are, at this moment, inclined to look upon it as a piece of delicate satire, as it were—irony, or something of that kind. But our literal-minded sub-editor had no such misgivings. He took your communication at its face value, and accepted your poem—for the purpose designated. If you have anything more to send us, you will do well to observe this little peculiarity of our sub.

H. C. D.—If you continue in your happy method of hitting off events of the day, possibly in a few years from now you will be spreading yourself on amusing verses about the Deluge. You little know, rash young man, how many noble minds have exhausted themselves on "blue glass" before your turn came.

EXCHANGES.—PUCK wishes to express his sense of acknowledgment to the Danbury *News*, the Philadelphia *Evening Chronicle* and the Cincinnati *Saturday Night* for compliments and kind wishes, which he reciprocates with all his heart. May these, and all other journals like them, live long and prosper.

QUINCY TAYLOR.—The American Drama has a future—a brilliant future—before it. But your time has not come yet, Mr. Taylor. Wait a few years—thirty or forty will do, and then get up another little trifle like "The Drawbacks of Progress," in collaboration with Sardou, or Dion Boucicault, or Geo. Francis Train, and then send it to us. But make it a tragedy when you try again. That, we should think, would be more in your line.

## LITTLE TOMMY'S TALKS.



It's summer now. I'm awful hot. Somebody take off some of my fings.

What's the use of summer, anyway, 'cept to make people hot?

I don't like winter much. It's cold, and the cold makes holes in my mittens where my

fingers come froo and get burnt. And my big brover Jim puts snow down my back and burns my backbone. And I always have a cold in my head so big I can't have any fun unless I have a handkerfish as big as a sheet most, and then I can't make it go right myself. If I was fixing fings, I'd leave out noses when I made little boys.

But then after a while I don't mind winter, and just as I begin to fink I like it, it goes off pop.

I know where the winter goes to; they make it into ice-cream. I swallowed some of it in a plate of ice-cream yesterday. Guess it must have been most all January. It nearly froze me up just in the place where I feel good after dinner.

My papa doesn't drink ice-cream. He eats lemonade. The other day I went out walking wiv him. He didn't want me to go a bit, but I went. He was awful cross. Pretty soon we got to a place where lemonade grows, and we went in. I fought he meant something bad, he looked so cross, my papa did.

Then he said to the man with a moustache, in his shirt-sleeves, "Gimme a lemonade." Then he looked at me and the man looked at me, and the man said "Wiv a stick?" and my papa said "Yes, wiv a big stick." I heard 'em. But I made believe I didn't. And while the man was looking for the stick, and my papa was reading the newspaper, I slipped out just as quiet, out of that place where lemonade grows, and I ain't going there ever again.

So I ran right home, and I told my mama, and I made her promise she wouldn't let papa be nasty wiv a big stick.

She said she wouldn't. And she didn't. But when my papa came home I didn't know what had happened. I fought it was fourferjuly already.

I wonder when fourferjuly's coming, anyway.

My big brover Jim says it won't come till December.

I don't believe him.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

**M**R. PETER BRAINS SWEENEY has bought himself out of further trouble with \$400,000 worth of his dead brother's money. The city thinks this amount better than nothing, and Mr. Sweeny thinks that he has made a very good bargain. What a bright example to the immature youth of the city who may have anything to do with future rings: Steal, my good fellows, steal; but mind you steal enough to be enabled to get off scot free, by the payment of \$400,000; the remainder you can invest in United States bonds.

The war in Europe still drags its slow length along, and people are even beginning to tire of the *Herald's* elaborate editorials on the subject, and the exhaustive correspondence from its numerous special commissioners at the seat of war—in Ann Street. Even the beautiful war-maps pall upon one. A good square pitched battle on the banks of the Danube will be hailed with delight, and will give the *Herald* an opportunity of sustaining and varying the in-

terest in the struggle. If it kills off two or three of its imaginary correspondents, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, so much the better. After the style of the attempted assassination of Mr. Stillson in Salt Lake city, a plot should be discovered to kidnap the *Herald* correspondent in the Russian lines. The Sultan, Lord Beaconsfield and Count Andrassy could be detected in the *Herald's* tent, disguised as Cossacks, for the above nefarious purpose. The excitement created by the news would be intense, and, although it might be contradicted the following day, there are thousands who would believe it; and what more could the great enterprising newspaper desire?

Rapid transit—a meeting at Chickering Hall to demand an explanation from New York's traitorous representatives, who have denied this boon to suffering citizens. But such agitation does very little good. Nearly every man present had an "axe to grind," being interested in the stock of elevated railroads, or in increasing the value of his up-town property. I now almost despair of ever seeing a comprehensive system of speedy transit so long as these cormorant horse-car companies have money enough to bribe our mis-representatives in Albany. The only way to defeat these villainous corporations is to get up some excitement after the manner of the old-fashioned revolutionary Paris barricade business, and let citizens get mad enough to tear up the tracks and make a bonfire of the disgusting cars. I refer particularly to the Third Avenue line—although, as far as the selfish policy of the remaining roads is concerned, it is but six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

General Grant is making a right royal progress in England, and we are glad of it. Humble citizens who have so often shaken hands with him, can now contemplate their "flippers" with additional satisfaction, and say to themselves "Well, who'd have thought that the same fingers that grasped my hand would have been squeezed by Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales!" And I shouldn't be surprised to learn that some toad-eaters in Washington and elsewhere have had their hands specially photographed in consequence. I can't congratulate either Kate Field or Olive Logan on their descriptions of Grant's reception at "Lady Mary" Pierrepont's. They were too labored, and had too much flummery about them.

I hear that our New York favorite actors, Warde and Herbert, are now *en route* to Montreal, and are to give the Blue-noses a taste of their quality, with a small but choice company of excellent artists. They purpose producing a series of the best society comedies.

A word on the Custom House, and I've finished for the present. Why doesn't Hayes adopt our advice and give every employé, from Collector Arthur downwards, his walking-papers? None of them is to be trusted. Why are the meek though insolent Lydecker, and the gentle Dutcher, or the benevolent Russell, allowed to remain? Mr. Hewitt's experience of Lydecker ought not to be passed unnoticed by Hayes. Make a clean sweep, Rutherford, and put in new men. Never mind to which party they belong.

PAN.

## WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

A RATHER transparent puff of a Miss Cummings, who tried to play *Juliet*, appeared in an evening contemporary. All New York young ladies, by the way, appear to be playing *Juliet* now, but often vary the personation by playing the fool better. But Miss Cummings is the most phenomenal, unprecedented, unheard-of, extraordinary, remarkable, startling and brilliant *Juliet* since this much-maltreated character first evolved out of the head of that howling idiot, Shakespeare. Miss Cummings, we are told, had never seen *Juliet* acted, had never played pro-

fessionally, only engaged Booth's Theatre at twelve hours' notice, learned the part in six days, was taken sick the day of the performance, would play notwithstanding, and astonished everybody—the press included. The paragraphing admiring friend of Miss Cummings, we regret to say, has not been frank—why should he conceal anything? He omitted to tell us that Miss Cummings only learnt her alphabet a few hours before acting, that she'd never been in a theatre, that she was born deaf, dumb, blind and halt, that she didn't know until a minute after the curtain fell that there was such a play as "Romeo and Juliet;" she had never heard of Shakspere, but was under the impression he was a car-conductor or a milkman; yet in spite of all these disadvantages she achieved such a wonderful success that we shall not look upon its like again in a hurry.

## PUCK'S PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY OUR OWN HERALD.

MRS. MULDOON doesn't eat onions.

EPAMINONDAS's shirts buttoned behind.

MADAME DE MAINTENON wore a bustle.

PLEASANTON never nursed a dear gazelle.

WADE HAMPTON is solid with the darkeys.

STILLSON used to barber oysters for a living. HOBOKEN and Hail Columbia both begin with H.

CAROLINA reed-birds should be cooked in plumbago.

SECRETARY EVARTS can finish a sentence in a single day.

TENNYSON has had another sonnet in a different place.

PEOPLE in the Indian Territory are eating succotash with a spoon.

PERHAPS there is no better paper than the Hornellsburg *Falladium*.

THE Summer roses fade because Eli Perkins combs his hair with a bootjack.

THEODORE PARKER, the theologian, was not the ex-Governor of New Jersey.

BEN BUTLER is not an Irish soldier in America, but he knows all about him.

GARFIELD wears his own hat—except on the rare occasions when he does not.

TURKEY-GOBBLERS don't wear turbans; but you can gobble turbans in Turkey.

THE statement that Brigham Young drinks tea with a fork is positively contradicted.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY denies emphatically the report of her engagement to Constantine.

WE are informed, on the best of authority, that Phil. Sheridan has not had twins since.

A GOOD sauce for the gander is made of pieplant and boot-tops, boiled in coloquintida.

IT is positively denied that Olebillallen is engaged as leading juvenile at Wallack's next season.

GENERAL LOGAN wears a vest. Consequently he has something to pull down, when necessary.

BEN WADE is fond of cutting trees. He must be a musical genius, because he's always Chopin.

CUCUMBERS will be trimmed with pink barège, and gored down both sides, with two flounces at the back.

LONGFELLOW will summer at Cohasset. He will be accompanied by a boiled shirt in a brown paper parcel.

WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud, when the man who lives the highest up in the house perspires most?

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS denies that he called Gail Hamilton a kangaroo. The kangaroo insisted on a retraction.

DON'T wear a blanket under your linen duster, even if you haven't got a shirt on. It is much better to wear a porous plaster.

## INCONSTANCY.

**I** SAW her when the year was young,  
Her hair was raven black;  
In wavelets round her brows it hung,  
And rippled down her back.

I saw her when the earth was clad  
In summer's verdant gown,  
As frank as e'er, as blithe and glad,  
But oh, her hair was brown.

Once more, when summer fires were tame,  
In autumn hale and mellow,  
This girl across my vision came,  
And then her hair was yellow.

In faith I live again to see  
That hair before I die,  
But what peculiar shade 'twill be,  
. Lord only knows, not I.

GEORGE DANTON.

DEADWOOD JUSTICE;  
OR,  
GUNPOWDER McCCLUSKY.

## CHAPTER I.

**T**HE late Gunpowder McClusky was for many months the hero and terror of Deadwood—Deadwood of the Black Hills.

## CHAPTER II.

History. Born in Texas, on the Pecos River. Brought up by an uncle. Uncle's last gift, as he lay going to the bright and shining shore, perforated with twenty buckshot, the family bowie-knife. Last injunction to Gunny: "Never let it rust, boy, in a quarrel." The uncle died and was buried. Affecting sermon by a Methodist minister of the Southern church, who at its close mounted his horse and rode forty miles to assist at the hanging of two cattle thieves. Little Gunny sent to school. Yankee schoolmarm boxed his ears. Family bowie-knife flashed in air and explored the Northern peddler's digestive organs. Chronic dyspepsia ever after; effect of this cutting reproof.

## CHAPTER III.

Pecos' Board of Education procure educational services of one Jonas Natick, of Had-dam, Conn., former clock-peddler, sewing-machine, lightning-rod, insurance and book-agent and editor.

Natick runs the school one week. Little Gunpowder is sent. Determination of "Gun" to clean that school out. Gunpowder brings three bull-terriers with him. Disturbance. Natick kicks a bull-terrier. Gunpowder McClusky jerks his iron and blows top of Natick's head off. School, being without a head, breaks up. Natick and schoolmarm, buried together, form nucleus of little Gunpowder's grave-yard.

## CHAPTER IV.

McClusky grows up, assumes leading position in Texan society, and blows tops of heads off. Hears of Black Hills. Goes. Finds a "pard," one Jago McTrigger. Behold the deadly pair seated on piazza of Red Eye Hotel, Deadwood. McClusky becomes studious. Reads Malthus on evils of over-population. Feels he has a mission in reduction—reduction of human race. Conscience gnaws. Has killed but one book-agent for the last four days. Feels his right arm losing its cunning. Feels out of practice "on the draw."

Conversazione: *McClusky, loquitur:* "Jago McTrigger, there be a grave needed in our

Necropolis to preserve the uniformity of the third row left plat."

*Jago McTrigger*, interrogatively: "In the sewing-machine agents' department?"

*G. McC.* "No. It is the chromo-peddlers' row which lacks uniformity."

Two strangers, well mounted, ride up to the Red Eye door.

"That's my horse!" roared Gunpowder, "that's my brand on the off-shoulder!"

*Stranger.* "Why, I bought this horse—I'll show you the bill of sale" (stranger puts hand in coat-pocket for bill).

Bang! McClusky blows top of stranger's head off.

"Can't get the draw on me; it was his pistol the cuss was after," remarked McClusky, "anyway, I'd rather face a dozen six-shooters than one genuine bill of sale" —

Bang! McTrigger blew the top of the other stranger's head off. "He needed company, and I gave him his companion," said Jago McTrigger; "but we're no better off than before."

"Wherefore?" asked G. McClusky.

*J. McT.* "Because there were six lightning-rod men in one row, and seven sewing-machine agents in the other. But now I perceive that we've killed two more sewing machine-agents, which makes it still an odd number—eight to seven, you know."

"Confound that eight to seven," said McClusky. "It's made the country no end of trouble. Never mind. I'll make it all right;" and he leveled his pistol at another passing lightning-rod man, and blew the top of his head off. "Here, take these men and bury them," said Gunpowder McClusky to a passing tramp, giving him a dollar.

## CHAPTER V.

McClusky and McTrigger promptly gave themselves up to the Deadwood Justice.

"Justifiable homicide, wasn't it?" said Wadding, who hailed from Cheyenne.

"Of course it was," said Gunpowder McClusky. "Why, both the cusses carried concealed weapons."

"Well, I'll let you off this time, but you must be a little more careful in future, boys," said Judge Wadding.

"O, you dry up," said Gunpowder McClusky, "or we'll blow the top of your head off. We're the law in Deadwood."

Judge Wadding was silent, but the insult was not forgotten.

That night McClusky and McTrigger were running their faro-bank in the "Lost Cause Pavilion." Their stakes were doubling at every turn of the cards. Already had they won five-sixths of the corner lots in Deadwood. McTrigger was jubilantly singing "Now I can read my title clear to corner lots both far and near."

A voice was heard at the door saying, "McClusky, I want to speak with you a moment."

McClusky stepped to the door, put out his head, and the last vision on which his mortal eyes rested was that of the insulted Judge Wadding, behind a large double-barreled goose-gun. The next moment came a stunning report, and the seat of McClusky's intellect appeared to have been blown off. McTrigger ran to the assistance of his friend, but was met by the reserves of buckshot in the other barrel of Judge Wadding's goose-gun, and in a second the remains of his intellect sprinkled the door-posts of the "Lost Cause Pavilion."

"That's getting the Deadwood on 'em. I'll let em know who runs the law in Deadwood," was the burthen of Judge Wadding's soliloquy as, after loading his goose-gun, he shouldered it and marched home to his cabin.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

## FITZNOODLE IN NEW YORK.

## VII.

## RACING AND CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Ya-as, it's already beginning to be intolerably hot, and evewybody is talking about going into the country and to other places of resort where it's considered wa-ther the correct

thing to weside durwing the warm weather. I suppose a fellow will have to go; for, yer know, there's a pwover which I wemember tells a fellow when he's a W'oman he must do as the W'omans do, or something of that sort. Amerwicans go in for wacing about this perwiad, just as we do at home; they've a gweat deal to learn, but still their ideas are not bad, considerwing how jolly gween and young they are. I dwove to Jerwome Park in a dwag belonging to a New York fellow who twies vewy hard to be a pwoper "Bwitiish" swell, and 'pon my honor weally deserves pwaise for his tolerably successful efforts in this diwection. He was dwessed quite respectable; he had on a Melton coat, fine corduwoy twowers, and a Billycock hat, but wore a horwid diamond pin in his shirt fwont—a gweat many fellaws here wear diamonds—doosid caddish, I think. Jerwome Park is all vewy well in its way, but it won't do after Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket or Goodwood; that would weally be too absurd. The wace-course is of a curwious shape, a spirwal arangement like a letter B, yer know. There was a fairwisch cwowd pwesent, but the majorwity did not appear to look upon wacing as a wecwation, or to know how to bet pwoperly. Some Amerwican fellow wemarked that there used to be some widiculous things, called "pools," for betting. They don't have them now; I believe there was a dwought at the Cwoton water weservoir, and that dwied them all up. Pools at a wegatta I think might be all wight, but at waces they would be deviwlisly absurd. A good many other young fellaws, as well as my fwend, wig themselves out in sporting costume, and appear vewy knowing, and pwetend to be as well up in wacing as a gwoom ought to be, but in weality are awociously ignorant in such matters; but then few wespectable awistocwats own the wace-horses. Some decent individuals have a nag or two, but I wish liverwy stable keepers, and firms of wretchedly common bweeders and twadesmen own the celebwated nags. If I were an Amerwican, I should weflect sevewal times before I saw the pwopriety of entering a horse, and then I don't think I should have the courwage to do it; the other fellaws are too wough without being weal sporting car-wackters.

"WHAT shall our boys do?" asks an exchange. Well, if it rains, and they can't go out and tie the cats across the clothes-line, or affix a tinkle-kettle to the dog's tail, let them stay indoors and plug up the kitchen faucets, or poke peas in their little sisters' ears. Anything to keep them out of mischief.

THE Rochester *Democrat* thinks "there is too much divorcing." Aye, marry, so says PUCK.

WHEN a man is himself perplexed, he doesn't care much for the perplexities of his fellow creatures. In other words, the dairy that contains no milk of human kindness whatever, is a quan-dairy.



## THAT FASHIONABLE HAT.



AS IT WAS RECENTLY WORN.



WHEN THE STYLE WAS CHANGED.



"ALL THE RAGE"—AS THE WIFE OF YOUR BOSSOM OBSERVES.



WHAT YOU MAY EXPECT NEXT WINTER.

## WHY GRANT GOES TO EUROPE.

**T**HE true object of ex-President Grant's visit to Europe, is the subject of much speculation in newspaper circles. One journal promulgates the information that he intends to visit Japan; another says he will go to Turkey and assume command of the Turkish forces; a third announces that he simply goes abroad to enjoy a season of rest and recreation; while a score of others each advance a different theory.

And they are all partially correct. Grant goes abroad to seek rest and recreation; but the manner in which this great desideratum is to be attained was imparted to only a few of his immediate friends.

The writer formed one of the distinguished party that accompanied the ex-President down the Delaware Bay on the steamer *Twilight*, on the 17th of May. The proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, amid corks popping in air, kept the coterie in a roar of merriment by reciting impromptu tombstone poetry, including an eight-line epitaph to fit the hero of Appomattox, in case he should become the victim of a shipwreck and find a watery grave. Grant was in a capital humor—more capital than when he resided at the Capital—and between whiffs of a fragrant Havana, gave me a brief outline of his foreign programme. He also gave me liberty to make it public after his safe arrival in London; and I now proceed to do so.

After a few weeks rest and recreation in London, in sight-seeing, dinner-eating, speech-making and so forth—especially the latter—the ex-President will take an early train for Turkey, where he will assume command of the Turkish army, and recreate a couple of weeks, by crushing the Russians and hoisting his son Jesse, who accompanies him, on the Czar's throne. He will give the Russians "Jesse" in a double sense of the word.

Then he will cross the Danube, re-organize the Russian forces, and turn about and lick the Turks out of their boots and boats. He thinks "turn about is fair play," and says what is sauce for the Bear is ditto for a Turkey—an adage nearly as old as Oldbillallen of Ohio. The ex-President will appoint his son-in-law, Sartoris, Grand Mufti, and abolish the old Porte, and establish a Newport on the Bosphorus as a Summer resort. He will amuse himself by playing Sultan of Turkey for a brief period, and after making several Deyls in less than twenty-four hours, he thinks it would be only a fair Sheik to call for a little Sublime Porte and "make a night of it."

The ex-President will resign the Sultanship in favor of Grand Mufti Sartoris, and embark on the ten p. m. boat for Japan. Here he will further recreate and seek quiet repose, by tendering his services to the Tycoon—whose other name I can't pronounce. If old Ty. should fail to remember an enemy he wants annihilated inside of two weeks, Grant will organize a lively little rebellion on his own hook, and let no guilty man escape. The Tycoon will see the wisdom of committing hari-kari, and Ulysses will succeed him, and run the Tycoonery mansion on the American plan for a month or so, just to see how the old thing works. He will give the war portfolio to Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, because the Bishop's poetry indicates that he belongs to the "fighting Coxe." Babcock will be elevated to the responsible position of Keeper of the Green Seal—and other liquors—and Zach Chandler will be put where he will do the most good.

From Japan Grant goes to China, where he will snatch a little more needed repose, by setting to work to rebuild the great wall erected by Mr. Chi-hoang-ti many centuries ago. Perhaps it may be remembered that, in one of his recent annual messages, Grant referred to this great wall, remarking that he thought it was an

outrageous shame that such a massive piece of masonry should be permitted to fall into ruins. It may be remembered, but I must admit that I am not one of those who remember it. To break the monotony of this labor, the ex-President will break the neck of the Emperor, and declare himself his successor. He will shave his head, cultivate a pigtail—vulgarily called "queue"—have his eyes cut bias, and his breeches cut wide in the legs, and proceed to run the Empire in modern heathen style, on a specie-payment basis. Should a Chinese band, with cheese-box drums and one-string fiddles, and frightful horns, call around to serenade the new Emperor, he will invite the members in and have them put to death before sunrise. Grant's principal object in going abroad, as I have already mentioned, is to accumulate rest, and leaders of Chinese bands want to be warned in advance.

Bidding farewell to the land of far Cathay, the ex-President will step over—or is it down?—into Greece, and interview the "Seven Wise Men" of that country. The report that these men died before the war is a cable canard. Leaving Greece, Grant will strike for Persia, and upon arriving at the palace of the Shah, he will devote two weeks to getting introduced to the numerous Mrs. Shabs. Should he admire that harem-scarem sort of Government, he will bribe the Shah to go West and grow up with the country for a few days, and Ulysses will act as Shah *ad interim* during his absence. As nine hundred and forty-seven wives are capable of making it lively enough for any one man of ordinary intellect, Grant will not get up a war in Persia. Buying bonnets and bustles for a regiment of wives is secular amusement enough, that's a fact!

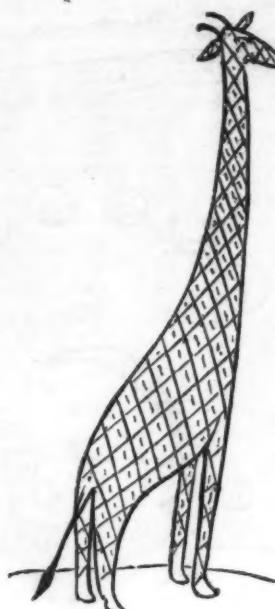
The ex-President will charter a balloon in Persia, and "slaughter a brace of ornithological specimens with a single rock"—*i. e.*, discover an Eastern air current and sail to Paris, arriving in the French capital in season to make an hour's address at the opening of the Exposition of 1878. It is expected that while in Paris he will be tendered the Presidency of the French Republic. But he will not accept it. He will thank them for the compliment, and tell them to give it to the deserving poor. He will play a match game of Polo with James Gordon Bennett, for the championship and drinks for the crowd, and occasionally visit Oakey Hall and other ruins in London. He may also write a few religious poems for the London *Times*, and contribute some specimens of American humor to the columns of *Punch*. Grant expects to return to this country in season to help Murphy inaugurate a temperance revival in New York city.

Such, in brief, is the programme the ex-President intends to carry out while abroad. It will be seen that it covers a great deal of ground—also water. He incidentally mentioned that at one time he seriously contemplated making a voyage to Africa to discover Stanley and the source of the Nile, and assist the American explorer to civilize the natives, by shooting them on the spot; but when he learned that all Stanley's achievements were achieved in the second story back room of a London newspaper office, he wisely abandoned that idea. It is possible, however, that he may go on an Arctic expedition, discover the North Pole, and bring it home with him. Grant believes that during a heated term the North Pole might be cut into sections, and rented to the principal American cities for fabulous sums. But don't let us be too sanguine. Even a successful General and an ex-President may discover, with R. Burns, that the "best laid plans of mice and men," etc. W.

A CONTEMPORARY says, "The American turf is going to grass." That's od, certainly.

## LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued.)

THE GIRAFFE. (*Camelopardalis giraffa.*)

The Giraffe measures its loveliness by the yard, and principally in the neck. If the Giraffe were to wear standing collars, it would have to get a whole bed-sheet starched at a time. The giraffe can stick his head into his sweetheart's window in the attic without climbing a ladder, which is a very useful accomplishment. Its fore-legs are ever so much longer than its hind-legs. This is the way it ought to be, because the front view is always the most desirable of everything; but when it kicks it uses its hind-legs like anybody else. The giraffe's eyes are like the hare's, inasmuch as they can look in front and behind at the same time. The only drawback to this arrangement is that you can never tell, when you're looking at a giraffe, whether he's looking at you or at your tailor, who is hiding behind the animal with a bill, ready to pounce on you. The giraffe lives on leaves and branches of trees, and is handy to have round when you want to get at something you can't reach. When the giraffe is pursued he will run like a candidate for an office, and you can bet he'll get there first, every time.

THE MOOSE. (*Cervus alces.*)

The Moose is like the deer, only more so. His horns are like a shovel, and he can dig a pit for another, and very often falls therein himself, whence he extricates himself, however, with great readiness. The moose and the elk

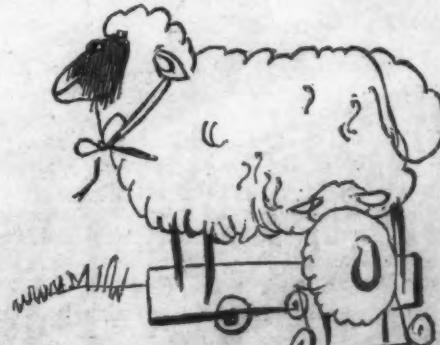
are pretty much the same thing, only moose is a more elkan word to use. Like the deer, the moose spends a great portion of his life in running away from his pursuers, hence the word vamoose. He greatly resembles

THE REINDEER (*Rangifer*).

formerly known as the run-deer, because it can beat the whole lot of them running, and is used instead of horse-cars in Lapland. In fact, in that part of the world, the reindeer is as useful as it is possible for any animal to be; for when the Laplander has got through driving him in front of a sleigh, he milks him and gets cheese, makes roast beef out of his flesh, and dresses himself in his skin, which is also used for blankets; so, taken altogether, you can safely say the Laplander gets his money's worth out of the reindeer. The animal doesn't look as if he could put up with so many noble sacrifices without complaint; but he does, and deserves credit for it.

THE GOAT. (*Caper.*)

The Goat resides in the upper portion of New York city and other rocky neighborhoods. He can jump and skip and hop with a safety that is perfectly startling. He has horns, too, and can buck with them; that's why he is called "Bock" in German, and this, blended with his hops, makes bock-bier; of which, however, the goat himself but seldom partakes. The goat is described as being a sentimental creature and fond of caresses; but he has never been known to write sonnets, or express his feelings in a similarly romantic way. As for caresses, we would much rather, any time, be the caresser than the caressed. The goat wears a goatee, and never shaves.

THE SHEEP. (*Ovis.*)

The Sheep is a particularly singular animal. It has no plural; which is less the fault of the

animal, however, than the English language. The sheep moves about on rollers and is very tractable. It furnishes wool, which is used principally to pull over people's eyes. The sheep was born to be shorn. The younger a sheep is, the more lamb-like it is in disposition. We cannot say positively how a sheep acts in ladies' society; but a young man who tries to spoon and doesn't know how, is said to get "sheepish;" which may be a libel on the sheep. Sheep's eyes are particularly affectionate, and are thrown in the best society. The sheep is white, as a rule; only the most disreputable members of the community are called black sheep. The sheep also serves as food, and is then known as mutton-chops; which served with tomato-sauce form the Pickwick Papers.

THE OX. (*Bos.*)

The Ox has gained his principal reputation from furnishing beefsteaks to an admiring public; although the quality of some material offered at cheap boarding-houses does not do credit to the animal. Some parts of him are called porter-house, and are most valuable. The ox is used in front of a plow. This is not so strange as one would at first suppose; for if the plow were used in front of the Ox, it would be much more wonderful. When the ox is not an ox he is a cow, except when he is a bull. In early youth he is a calf—in early youth only—which is where he differs from a man, who is often a calf after he has grown old enough to know better. The ox is proverbially a very tidy animal, hence is called neat, whence we have neat's-foot oil, which is very useful, indeed.

(To be continued.)

Now eat green peaches—if you've been measured for your crown of glory.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN has made his last speech, preparatory to going into the peanut business.

SHOOT last year's nest. There are no birds in it.

INQUIRER. No, Sapolio will not be good for your knee-pans.

DR. MARY WALKER always strikes back. She's a sort of a female bloomerang, so to speak.

"Do hogs pay," asks the Joliet, Ill., *Phenix*. The concurrent testimony of several boarding-house keepers whom Puck has interviewed on the subject is that, at the regular rates, they do not.

A SAN FRANCISCO correspondent tells a bad am-fib-iouss yarn about an Indian tribe who keep their children under water all winter in air-tight birch-bark baskets, and bring them up again in the spring. Did any one ever hear of bringing up children in that fashion before?



THE NEW PILGRIMS' PROGRESS.—ENLIGHTED ALL

PICK.



UNITED AMERICANS PAYING HOMAGE TO "INFALLIBILITY."

## CLASSIC JOURNALISM.

The beautiful garland of justice awaits  
The eminent poet and general, Socrates.  
KROFUTIKOS GRAPHIKOS.  
5th Century B. C.

**A** GREAT thing was journalism in Greece, When that nation was foremost in war and in peace.

I was long on the staff of the Athens *Courier*, And the style the boys ran the machine you shall hear. The boss paper it was the South-Spartan *Tribune*, Which was owned by a man of the name of Laocoon; And had a grand building, where down the two sides Ran two rows of extra-sized Caryatides. 'Twas a very fine sheet, with a half-page of locals, Done up in neat style by J. Themistocles. At the top of its columns, its letter-heads, bills, It flaunted the name of its founder, Achilles. 'Twas so high-toned, the boys used to say its chief writer Was nobody less than Olympian Jupiter. The staff boasted ladies galore, Hermione Ran the fashion column entirely alone. Cybele did the Art notes; the critical flail Was skillfully wielded by Mrs. Omphale. But the Boeotian *Herald* beat this a long sight, By engaging on glorious terms Aphrodite. And the *Herald* had Hero, who later demeaned herself by receiving the visits of Leander. The East-Arcamanian *Times* made its gains By the aid and assistance of Aristophanes. When the Greeks sent their forces far Troy to beleaguer, The *Times* dispatched war-correspondent Meleager. Then there was the Attican *World*, that shocked Greece, By opening its columns to Trojan *Eneas*; But its editor well knew his sheet how to carry on; Had a competent musical critic in Arion; And knowing public fancy a feuilleton tickles, He secured for that duty the well-known Pericles. The proprietor, he was a fellow of means, Senior partner of Apollo and Diogenes. Ah, those were great times, but they're all long gone by, Like the days when I used to be sweet on Clytie; And Greek journalism has vanished beneath The silent, oblivious waters of Lethe.

P. O'HARA.



## SUMMER THEATRICALS.

Dear Puck:

"SILAS," said Araminta to me the other day, after she had finished reading the criticisms in the daily papers of "Evangeline," the new burlesque brought out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, "let's go to see this American opéra bouffe; guess there'll be lots of fun."

If there is anything in the theatrical world more directly calculated than another to bring joy to my unromantic bosom, it is "lots of fun."

For once I thought Araminta's proposition a very sensible one, and immediately acquiesced.

Stephen Fiske stood on guard at the portal that led into those dazzling halls of fun, when we reached there; and as I looked into his solemn countenance, I could hardly realize that he held sway over anything like a revel—for a revel was what Araminta and I had come to the theatre for.

The summer season is accepted as a season of revel. I cannot understand what greater

effect one performance has than another upon the perspiring feelings of an audience, or how the mercury is going to pause in its wild rush to the apex of the thermometer, in obedience to one class of entertainment or another; but I have accepted it as one of the facts that have long since been entered on theatrical record, that, for a summer entertainment, the stage has got to afford something light and laughable. Possibly laughter doesn't generate so much physical heat as sorrow.

When Araminta got into the auditorium the other night, she took up the programme and read, "The Heifer Dance," by Messrs. Goiden and Dixey.

She began to laugh immediately.

"What are you laughing at, my dear," I asked, blandly.

"The Hef-hef-hef-fer Dance," she replied convulsively, showing me the bill of the play. And then I laughed too. I can't exactly say why I laughed. But heifer is a word that contains a great amount of humor; it's something like canal-mule, or potato-bug, or saleratus. Whenever you hear either of these words spoken, you smile. They are the main ingredients of American humor, and will stir you to hilarity even when they occur in a sentence that has nothing else to recommend it.

That was only one of the numerous astonishing features of "Evangeline," now current at the great summer attraction at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Burlesque is a form of art that is but insufficiently understood by American audiences. There are but few good burlesque actors on the local stage. There is required, beyond the mere possession of humor, a greater average of intelligence than for any other branch of theatrical art.

Burlesque, pure and simple, is the skillful blending of the sublime with the ridiculous. I don't know who is responsible for the modern offshoot of this style of work, which presents everything in rhyme, and scatters puns and pink legs about promiscuously; but these auxiliary aids have suddenly assumed such immense proportions that cause and effect are completely confounded, and burlesque is considered, not a sublime story made ridiculous in dramatic form, but so many yards of verse, music and tights, strung together almost regardless of plot or idea. Yet even in this comparatively abnormal form, there are degrees of merit and demerit which call for criticism.

H. J. Byron's puns, in his numerous London burlesques, are masterpieces. John Brougham's "Pocahontas"—proud product of American soil—contains some of the cleverest *jeux de mots* ever penned in travesty. But there have been so many weak and flimsy attempts at imitating these authors' works, that "burlesques"—a mere mass of senseless rhymes and linguistic contortions—have come into disrepute.

"Evangeline" contains very much that is as bad as it can be, and some that's too good to be where it is. There is no reason why a story, however extravagant and ridiculous (the more extravagant the truer the spirit of burlesque), should not have an intelligible plot. None of the side-shows of drollery, however numerous, should interfere with the main idea, which, after all, constitutes the legitimate burlesque. "Evangeline" joins together a mass of raving absurdities, some new and clever, others old and stupid; but all without the *raison d'être* which should exist even in the wildest of theatrical conglomerations.

But perhaps it is the fault of American audiences that so many bits of extraneous harlequinade and so much extravagant "business" have to be introduced to make burlesque palatable; for the cleverest lines in the author's text are too often totally disregarded. Many times I have sympathized with the poor

author who, after laboring through the weary night to get five feet in each line, a correct rhyme for his couplet, and a play upon a word perfectly delicious in its *double entendre*, hears his lines flung at an audience completely depidated, with the rhyme for the end of one line coming in the middle of another some two blocks off, and that delightful pun, which cost so many hours of thought, sunk forever out of sight and hearing. The burlesque actor who understands the author's text is the gentleman whose acquaintance I am happy in cultivating.

The author of "Evangeline" did a clever thing when he wrote in the part of the *Lone Fisherman*, who hasn't a word to say in the whole play. What a comfort it must have been to the librettist, when he realized that the actor couldn't by any possibility spoil his lines.

This is a neat bit of fooling, and very original.

Araminta worried me considerably during the evening, endeavoring to find out what that *Fisherman* came on for in every scene; but I didn't mind that petty grievance, as she laughed a great deal when she saw Mr. Hunter; and it's worth something to see Araminta laugh.

N. C. Goodwin played the principal part of the burlesque in imitation of Mr. Crane, the comedian, who had been his predecessor in the "Evangeline" Traveling Combination. Goodwin's mimicry is very clever in its way; but there is more enjoyment to me in the smallest bit of Hairy Joseph's originality, than in the avalanche of Goodwin's imitation.

Miss Eliza Weathersby puts on her wonted smile, flits through the piece with all her old-time animation, and blooms with eternal youth and loveliness for two hours and a-half, to the satisfaction of her audiences, which is all any author can demand of her. She manages to sing herself, too, into the audience's favor; which is fair treatment of the composer of the original music. Miss Lizzie Harold ably seconds her as the love-sick *Evangeline*, and is delightfully languid and beautiful.

Geo. Knight, as a German *Ben Butler*, was very amusing.

So from this you will see that, whatever may be thought of the summer attraction *per se*, the actors and actresses are of the kind that should attract.

But I weakened on the Heifer Dance.

It may have been very soul-stirring, but it lacked elegance. There are chords in the human heart that even heifer-dances will not stir in warm weather. And Araminta's heart is full of these chords. In fact, altogether, she grew quite confused by the variety of things that *Evangeline* had joined together by a thread—or rather a rope—of melodies.

One of the distinguishing features of the performance seemed to be that everybody broke out with songs and dances on the slightest provocation, utterly regardless of what went before or came after. But Summer attractions will not bear close investigation. If I should hear that Stephen Fiske intended to play *Romeo* to Madame Ponisi's *Juliet*, as a Summer novelty, I should not be at all surprised. It would be only a cool proceeding—just the thing for this weather.

Critics ought to vanish in Summer, along with their Ulsters and flannels. Summer audiences don't need them.

"Evangeline" is not a good burlesque. But is a medley of mirth-provoking materials. And the kind of laughter it provokes depends very much upon the auditor who is provoked.

Unprovokedly yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P. S.—Araminta says she'd rather see seven *Juliet*s than "Evangeline," but she never knows a good thing when she sees it.

S. D.

## PETTENGILL'S PHOTOGRAPH.

**H**E remarked, as he rose up and sat his glass on the table, that it was a "burning dshgrashe t'live 'n' country where the chief mash'trate had shtam' frod onsh browsh."

Then he went out into the street, and remarked, confidentially, to an unappreciative lamp-post:

"Thash 'shremely good likenesh—shthreme good. Guesh I'll go 'n' have my liksh taken. No shtam' frod 'n' my browsh, though."

But it was some moments before he realized in all its significance the fact that there were several ways in which he might reach the photographer's sooner than by leaning against an immovable ash-barrel. When the idea did strike him, however, he shook himself perpendicular, and labored vigorously and conscientiously to brush the ashes off the small of his back. If to the unobservant eye his efforts seemed to be crowned with success, it was probably because there had never been any ash in that region of his anatomy. The principal deposit was further down.

But he did not notice this. And when he had finished the operation, his face wore a smile of proud complacency, and he started down the street in a style that would have galled the professional pride of a corkscrew.

"In what style do you wish to be taken, sir?" asked the urbane photographer, regarding him attentively.

"Guesh I'll be taken like tha' girl," he responded, indicating with his steadiest finger the portrait of a young lady who was twisting an alabaster neck to look over an alabaster shoulder at the public; "who ish tha' girl, an'how?"

"I don't think," mildly insinuated the artist, "that style is quite suitable for gentlemen, but if you'd brush your hair a little—and perhaps you'd like a little cold water"—

"Perf shoot'ble," interrupted the customer, "ain't goin' brush—don' want water—had 'nough to drink—take jush'am—'thout one plea—who's tha' girl?"

The photographer made a few more feeble remonstrances, but had to yield at last to the indomitable will of his customer, and he braced the subject up against an iron frame, and asked him to assume a pleasant expression.

"Ples' shpreshn?" queried the customer, somewhat vacantly.

"Yes, sir," said the artist, "think of something agreeable. Are you a married man? Think of the joys of home, and the—Jerusalem gollwipers, man, don't look like that!"

"Don't you go talkin' 'bout things you don' un'stand," said his customer, ferociously. Then, growing more quiet, he added, "tell what I'll think 'bout—think 'bout tha' girl—eh? oh fel'?"

And then he braced up and had his photograph taken.

When he went home that evening, he was the slickest-looking citizen you ever saw. He had his boots blacked, and his hair combed down, and a clean collar on, with a big Stanley over the beer-stain on his shirt-front. The minister met him and bowed to him, and thought he'd never seen a nicer man.

"He ought to be a deacon," soliloquized the shepherd. "I'm afraid we're letting a worthy brother hide his light under a bushel. We must draw him out."

Just at that time the man he wanted to draw out was sitting in the front parlor, with his arm about his wife, trying to explain to her that it was very hard to keep up his spirits in these hard times. Here he'd been slaving like a dog all day, and almost running himself into a consumption, and he didn't believe there was a stroke of business nearer than the North-Pole.

It was in these times, he added, that it made

a man feel good to come home to the domestic fireside, where he would always be sure of finding sympathy and consolation.

And that reminded him, right there, that he'd had a little picture taken. He thought it might please her, he said, feeling in all his coat-pockets; and she might want to keep it, perhaps, for the children to look at when he was gone. And then he found it, and handed it out, and gave it to her.

She looked at it once, but not with the expression of countenance that he had confidently anticipated.

"James Ebenezer Pettengill!" she shrieked, "if you want any child of mine to look at that—"

When he has his photograph taken, next time, his raven curls will not fall over his lofty brow so much as they might have once. In fact, unless he wants to look like a Colorado potato that has been wrestling with an unusually healthy bug, he will wear a hat constructed with a bay-window to cover his left eye, and then he will have to stand an easy distance off from the instrument.

## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

(Continued.)

**U**pon waking the following morning Gregory perceived Mr. Fox sitting by the window, his head buried in his hands.

"Where is René? where is Miss Biron?" asked the old man, collecting his thoughts.

Mr. Fox was startled, as if from a reverie, and he answered hurriedly,

"She—she has gone out for a drive."

"Gone out for a drive, and I am lying here likely to die before she can return! Am I amongst fiends already? Where has she gone?"

"She has gone in her landau with M. de Gaillefontaine and Mr. Radcliffe Clinker."

"What! Clinker? the man I forbade her to speak to?"

"It is said, sir, that they are engaged to be married."

"You are a liar, Fox."

"Sir, I have sinned against you too greatly to be able to deny any imputation you can put upon me."

"Yes, I remember, you went to London yesterday without my permission."

"I went to London to retrieve if possible a far greater offense that I had previously committed."

"What do you mean? I have not long to live, and I don't choose to spend my last hours in finding answers for your riddles."

"It is the precarious tenure of your life that leads me to speak now, as it was the prospect of losing one who has long befriended me touched my guilty heart and filled me with remorse and contrition."

Gregory beat his pillow impatiently, and Mr. Fox continued:

"If you can listen to my confession I will speak, if only to redeem the injury I have done."

"Fewer words, fewer words."

"When you disinherited your grandson, Mr. Hugh Biron, I hoped, sir, that you would leave your money to me, having no better friend; and you encouraged that hope." Gregory smiled. "Your grandson wrote you two letters, begging your forgiveness, and signifying his readiness to adopt the profession you had wisely chosen for him. Those letters I intercepted, for they militated against my interests."

"You villain!"

"Pray do not excite yourself, my dear master.

Miss Biron told me that the physician has warned her of the fatal results which might attend your agitation."

"And she leaves me alone to the mercy of any accidental circumstance, and knowing that her absence must provoke my anger. And you rascal thief, what is your purpose in telling me of your villainy? You have no interest in my death; I have left you nothing."

"I expect less than I deserve for myself; it is for your true and faithful grandson I lay myself open to receiving the malediction of one whose gratitude I should have earned. I went to London to seek your grandson, to bring him here, that he might receive your blessing and forgiveness; and I found, alas, that he has left England."

"Where is he?"

"In India. He has taken up the weapon his father dropped in the Crimea, and like him, as a common soldier, is serving his Queen and his country."

"Is this true?"

"Here are his letters."

"Let them lie there. I will read them; I will make René read them: it will punish her for her neglect; and I will leave the boy half of my money. Send for the lawyer to-night—But wait; what is your motive? You never did a thing yet but self-interest was at the bottom of it."

"As I live, I am influenced alone by a feeling of remorse, and a desire to see justice done to the young man I have wronged and those who wrong you."

"Who wrongs me?"

Mr. Fox was silent.

"Who wrongs me?" reiterated Gregory, with such fierceness as his weak condition permitted.

"If you were to hear the gossip that is in every one's mouth I should not have this unpleasant duty."

"What gossip?"

"You would hear one ask why René Biron was so eager to engage herself to Radcliffe Clinker, the son of her grandfather's most bitter enemy; and you would hear another answer"—here Mr. Fox dropped his voice, and spoke slowly—"you would hear another answer, it is because she wishes to make sure of his fortune, whilst at any moment a breath, a word, might destroy her own."

"What do you mean?"

"Radcliffe Clinker is weak and young, René is beautiful and clever, De Gaillefontaine is the devil himself."

Gregory beat the counterpane, and nipped it up between his thumb and finger. Mr. Fox poured out a dose of medicine, and putting it to Gregory's lips, said softly,

"For the sake of justice to your grandson, and to thwart the wicked ends of designing adventurers, drink this, and try to control your emotion."

Gregory nodded his head firmly, and by an effort of will controlled his passion, and swallowed the draught. Then Mr. Fox said,

"You might hear a dozen people ask, 'who is this M. de Gaillefontaine? who is this person who calls herself René Biron? and who is this French woman, who is continually hanging about the lodge-gates asking for M. de Gaillefontaine or Mademoiselle René?'"

"What woman?"

There was a subdued cough from the farther end of the room. Gregory turned his head, and a lady seated in the distance rose and bowed.

"Who is she?"

"She is the mother of René."

"Thérèse de Gaillefontaine, monsieur," said the lady.

At a signal from Mr. Fox she reseated herself.

"I have brought her here," said Mr. Fox, "to confront her husband and daughter who de-

serted her. Let them deny her if they can. And now, my beloved master, I wish you to look at this will, written as you see upon ordinary paper, which at a moment you may destroy if you find me a liar. See, I am not mentioned in it. You leave all to your grandson. I want you to sign this, and hold it in your hand when those two whom you have trusted shall stand before you, waiting for your verdict. You hold in your grasp their punishment or reward. Keep it under the bedclothes. If they are not what I say, give them the will and let them burn it; if they kill you, they defeat their own purpose."

"Kill me!"

"Who has constantly administered your medicines, even cooked your food lately?"

"René."

"And when she could not?"

"De Gaillefontaine. Hark! carriage-wheels! Give me a pen, a pen, pen! Sign your name for a witness; get the woman to write hers. Quick, for God's sake! Hold me up! Steady my arm! There, there, now write yours. Leave hold of me; I am strong now; I could walk a mile. I am well, I am well! You have brought my old fire back; see, I can sit up alone! Ha, ha! never mind about drying the paper. Give it to me—quick, I hear them coming up-stairs! So. Let me alone; I can sit firm. Hide the woman. Let her bounce out upon the cursed imposters. Hush, here they are! Pretend nothing has happened."

Madame de Gaillefontaine slipped behind the bed-curtain. Mr. Fox placed a hand lovingly on Gregory's shoulder as he bolt upright sat in the bed, his hand clutching the paper beneath the clothes, the muscles of his face working involuntarily, und puckering his loose cheeks into ghastly contortions. The door opened, and René, with M. de Gaillefontaine stood in the entrance.

Gregory Biron strove to control his fierce excitement, that he might deliberately crush his foes. He fixed his eyes upon them, and the muscles of his face and mouth were in continual motion; but he uttered sounds without words. It seemed as though he had lost the power of giving direction to his will, or as though his will was solely occupied in maintaining existence. Beneath the bed-clothes he gripped the will; with his other hand he was perpetually pinching up the sheet. His actions were like those of a cat when it is preparing to spring upon its victim, and waits for the precise moment of advantage. This period of irresolution was terminated by a movement of M. de Gaillefontaine. The old man, like a child who is impatient of concealment, abandoned at once the plan he had made, and swept his hand towards the curtains, nodding his head furiously at Madame de Gaillefontaine, and then at René and monsieur. At length he articulated,

"Who—who—who are they?"

Madame de Gaillefontaine emerged from concealment, and with a shriek of enthusiastic joy cried, "My shile, my hosbant!" and threw herself upon the neck of M. de Gaillefontaine.

But above her voice there rose a gibbering laugh that rattled through the parched throat of the maddened old man, as he, with starting eyes and blackened face, dropped forwards—dead!

René had stood appalled by the frightful appearance of her grandfather; but now she rushed to the bedside with a swift ejaculation of horror.

Mr. Fox had his hand under the bed-clothes.

"He is dead," he said; "his hand is quite cold."

As he spoke he withdrew his hand and slipped a paper into his bosom.

(To be continued.)



### Puck's Exchanges.

#### MARKET REPORTS IN EASTON.

*From the Easton, Pa., Free Press.*

WE'LL go over to John Sampsel and learn how to make a shad throw his chest out till he looks as though he weighed eleven pounds.

"How much for a shad, John?"

"Fifty cents for your pick."

"Give you forty for that one."

"Now, look here, old man; I ain't rentin' out no shad for company breakfasts this morning, and there's meat enough on that fish to do your family a week, and then your oldest daughter can wear the frame for a corset, or you can use it for a grape-vine arbor, whichever you choose."

\* \* \*

The first Granger of the season is above the ground now. Mr. Thatcher, from Rieglesville, was up yesterday with smearcase. He had a whole lot of other things, but we couldn't see anything but the smearcase—it was so cheap. Why, you can buy enough to double up a whole family over, and use up an acre of mustard plaster, for five cents.

#### LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

"Serena, darling," he murmured; and the old gate scarcely creaked as it swung to and fro beneath her light weight, and the silent stars looked down with tenderer glances, and all South Hill, except Will Dempsey's black-and-tan, that has gone into politics, and is trying to get through with a six months' canvass every night, and Professor Miller's *eru* terrier, that was crossed in love when it was young, and had been a prey to a devouring melancholy ever since, and Fred. Flackman's woolly dog, that has an ambition to be a jubilee singer, and sits up all night trying to sing "Roll, Jordan"—all the rest of South Hill seemed to hold its breath to listen. "Serena, sweet," he said, and the radiant blushes that kindled over the pearly brow and cheeks softened the silent lovelight in her lustrous eyes, "Serena, my own, if every glittering star that beams above, if every passing breeze that stops to kiss thy glowing cheeks, if every rustling leaf that whispers to the night, were living, burning, loving thoughts, if every—Oh-h-h-he-he! Ow-w! Wow-wow! Aw-w, oh, oh, oh! Oh, jiminy pelt! Oh, glory! Oh, murder, murder! Oh, dod rang the goll swizzled old gate to the bow-wows! Ah-h-h-h!"

And she said stiffly that no gentleman who could use such language in the presence of a lady, was an acquaintance of hers, and she went into the house. And he pushed the gate open and pulled his mangled thumb out of the crack of it, and went down the street, sucking the injured member, and declaring that, however lightly one hundred and sixty-five pounds of girl might sit on the heart of a man, it was a little too much pressure when applied to an impromptu thumb-screw. And the match is drawn, and all side bets are declared off.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

IN Norway drunkards are compelled to sweep the streets. *Andrews's Bazaar* adds to this item the information that, when a motion was made in Chicago Common Council to adopt the Norwegian practice, seventeen red-nosed aldermen arose simultaneously, and wanted to know if this glorious republic was going to be dictated to by the effete despots of Europe.

ACCORDING to the N. Y. *Sun*, when President Hayes says to Private Secretary Rogers "Tell the young lady who was here yesterday, as gently as possible, that I cannot give her a clerkship," that gifted young man murmurs to himself: "Now this is a congenial topic. I will convey to this young lady the discouraging information in a manner that shall make the blow a joy. I will send her a basket of flowers from the Executive hothouse, and along with it a note that shall bless and brighten the remainder of her life."

And after a few moments of earnest labor he evolves the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,  
FRIDAY MORNING.

MY DEAR MISS BOODLE: May one who, upon the occasion of your recent visit to the Executive Mansion to seek a clerkship in the Treasury Department, noticed the charming similitude of roses which Nature's hand has placed upon your fair, round cheeks, and who willingly surrendered himself for a few delightful minutes to the mysterious spell that lurks in your peculiarly laughing eye—an eye that by a beautiful coincidence unites the changeful radiance of the opal with the constant lustre of the amethyst—presume to convey to you in inadequate words some conception of the never-to-be-forgotten impression which your appearance made upon him? You will say that this is flattery; it is flattery, if flattery—such is the mystery of secret affinities—can proceed from the cultured and appreciative heart of one who admires and who also regrets to inform you that under the new rules of civil service your application must be referred to Secretary Sherman, and that the President is unable to assist you.

Your heart friend, W. K. ROGERS.

A VERMONT girl recently refused to marry her bethrothed until he had subscribed for a daily newspaper. The *Commercial Advertiser* found this out, and seized the occasion to remark that, any way you look at it, such a circumstance must have tended to create a bustle in the family.

THE Rome *Sentinel* makes this underhanded attack upon a brother journalist: "We are pained to learn that Brother Bailey, of the Danbury *News*, has become involved in unpleasant complications. It seems that a man in Montreal subscribed for the Danbury man's paper, and on the evening when the first copy reached him, he found a live baby with pink legs, in a basket, on his door-step. He has written to Bailey to know whether this is a new branch of the chromo business, and unless he gets some kind of satisfaction, he will appeal to international law."

KANSAS CITY, represented by the *Times*, rises to state, with a pardonable pride, that "James Gross, a noted barber from Lawrence, Kan., is in the city, looking at the latest novelties in shaving and shampooing. Thus Kansas City sets the fashions for all."

WITH heroic persistence the St. Louis *Times* speaks of him as "ex-Governor Hayes," which is the truth, but not the whole truth, says the Baltimore *Gazette*.

THE REV. FATHER PRESTON, in an address to the Roman Catholic young men's convention the other night, said that at no time since Christ was on earth has spiritual darkness been so deep as now; and a still, small voice from the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* remarks: "We have been insisting these three years that there should be a new set of clergymen."

"We do not believe in personal journalism," says Colonel Forney, "and we wish to be perfectly calm; but the truth is that Sam Tilden is a thief and a being whom it were base flattery to call an animated wart."

THERE is always one subject near to the heart of the Turner's Falls *Reporter* humorist, and it sometimes inspires him to such achievements as this: "If the editor of a country newspaper could get verbal promises discounted at bank rates, he would be on intimate terms with the whole Rothschild family inside of two days."

And the Brookville *Jeffersonian* man is like unto him, as witness the following: "The crops throughout the country promise well, including our crop of delinquent subscribers."

We have received the first number of an exchange called the *Laws of Wisconsin*. Its columns are filled with short stories of the most thrilling and exciting nature. The powerful sketch entitled "An act relating to evidence, and amendatory of sec. 2 of chap. 134 of the general laws of 1858," so wrought upon our sympathies that it was with difficulty we could be persuaded to lay the paper down and go to supper; while the tender little story in the nursery department entitled "Chap. 289, or an act to prohibit the employment of children under twelve years of age in factories or other workshops," will long linger in our memory. We look upon the *Laws of Wisconsin* as one of our brightest and liveliest exchanges, and trust that it may live long and wax fat and kick.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

LISTEN to the righteous remonstrance of the Chicago *Tribune*: "Men used to be married; now, according to Eastern phraseology, a 'marriage is accomplished.' Soon, at this rate of progress, both marriages and funerals will be perpetrated."

THERE is one Richmond girl, the *Enquirer* proudly boasts, who is well up in municipal matters. Promenading Franklin street yesterday, she observed to her companion: "Yes, Alice, I'm going to have a new sea-foam silk as soon as pa and ma agree upon an appropriation ordinance."

COL. SELLERS has been interviewed by the *World*, and the Colonel's dog came up in the course of the conversation. He was a very nice animal, "But," queried the *World's* reporter, "why do you call the dog Clytemnestra? It seems to me that a different name—Bob or Jack—something to indicate the sex more correctly, you know."

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Is it possible that—well, I—Sho!" he continued with dignity, "that doesn't make a particle of difference. I chose the name, sir, because it was sonorous and classical, and seemed to me fitting for the animal. I shall not now change it simply because the dog happens to have a sex that I had not observed."

"WHEN a Long Island woman," we learn from the Philadelphia *Chronicle*, "is deserted by her husband, she inserts a notice of her death in the paper, and then lays low and grabs him as he sneaks into the house after his summer-under-shirts."

"As a man threads his shins through the maze of household goods to eat his dinner in the kitchen from an inverted washtub, he is convinced, with the late J. H. Payne, Esq., that 'there's no place like home,' and for the sake of his fellow-man he is devoutly thankful that there isn't." It took the *Catskill Recorder* to find this out.

THE Newark *Call* prophesies, sadly, "The shrinkage in the size of the bakers' loaves will soon make, possibly, a scene like the following: Customer—'Give me a pound of those crackers, please.' Baker—'Crackers, thunder! them's loaves, ten cents apiece.'

THE Worcester *Press* thoughtfully speculates: "If the Dreaming Iolanthe in butter is kept on exhibition the rest of the season, it will be what the phrenologists would call an exceptionally strong head."

PARTY-feeling runs still high in Rochester-Witness this, from the *Democrat and Chronicle*:

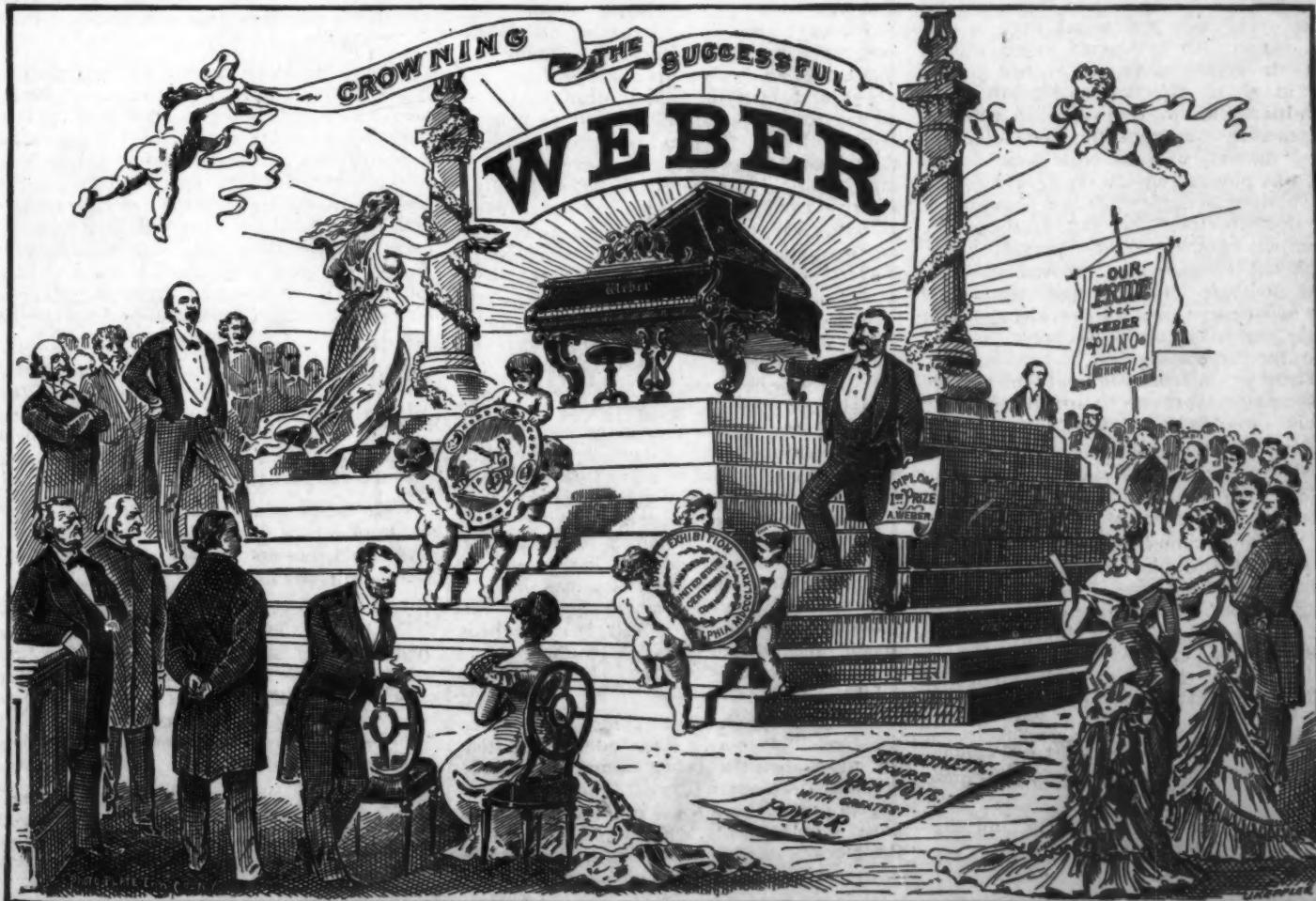
"Dr. Henry Parker Blackwell died in Troy on Sunday evening. The *Troy Times* says that he was the youngest of twenty-one children, that he was 107 years old, that his father and mother both died at the age of 117 years, that his grandfather lived to celebrate his 127th birthday, and that one of his brothers, now living across the seas, is 115 years old. Perhaps these remarkable figures are correct. It may at least be said that the *Troy Times* is a Republican paper."

THE Fulton *Times* takes a novel method of getting in a slap at a journalistic nuisance. It quietly observes: "Mrs. Dean, of St. Louis, gave birth to four children one day last week. If they turn out to be at all attractive we shall expect to hear that the *Journal* man has stolen one of them, and is palming it off as his own. That's a habit he's got into since he has been running a column of original paragraphs."

THEY have an anti-treating society in Cincinnati, whose principles the *Saturday Night* briefly explains. Everybody has to anti when he treats.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* has found a young lady on French Garden Hill, in that city, who is so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.

"THE other day the Newark Aldermen took an excursion to Greenwood Lake, and at the after-dinner feast of reason, when Congressman Peddie told them that 'pure water was one of God's best gifts,' it was fun to see them look at him, and then at each other's noses, in quiet wonderment."—PUCK. There is evidently a joke here somewhere, and we suspect it is on our Newark Aldermen.—*Newark Sunday Call*. Impossible! What put such an idea into the *Call's* head?



A HARD-HEARTED policeman gathered in David Nihil the other night. Of course it amounted to nothing.—*Baltimore Gazette*.

That's what Goliath said about another David, but Nihil fit.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

THIS is the Burlington *Hawkeye's* little dig at a much-persecuted class: "A man on West Hill died last week, leaving considerable property, one-half of which he left to three needy and deserving young lawyers to enable them to get the other half."

"A PIous hen crawled into a Methodist church in Jefferson City, Mo., a week ago Sunday, and laid an egg in the contribution-box," says an exchange; and the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* thinks it shows the importance of encouraging the lay members to shell out.

PHILLIP SHERIDAN, the Rochester *Democrat* tells us, absents himself from the house a little too often just now. The other night the nurse was asleep, and Mrs. Sheridan, who needed something, remarked in a melancholy tone, "And Philip, as usual, several miles away."

"JOB," breaks out the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, "seems to have been a fellow of infinite humor."

HAVES should hesitate before he visits his relatives in New England. Country cousins are terrible in getting even, and all next Winter there will be a poke-bonnet or a last-century's hat sticking out of every window in the White House.—*Evening Telegram*.

THE Boston *Post* congratulates the Venus of Milo on being able to crook her elbow.

YONKERS has a cardinal-red street-sprinkler, and the *Gazette* says all it wants is a piece of striped hose to render it à la mode.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE says that "heigho," as an expression of weariness, is not authorized, and has nothing in it; and the observant Norwich *Bulletin* comments thus: "No man, however, who has been out on a windy day, will deny that there is a good deal in high hose."

"TEXAS is developing a new Joaquin Miller," we learn from the *World*, "a bard who has hitherto been connected with the cattle industry—in fine, a poet-lariat."

WHOM does the Buffalo *Express* refer to, when it says: "There are those who might summer at Salt River with comfort, not to speak of propriety?"

MR. CARLYLE alludes to the "unspeakable Turk," who isn't half so irritating as the unpronounceable Russian.—*Graphic*.

AN old disciple of Isaak Walton, according to the ungallant Norristown *Herald*, says ladies will never make good anglers until they overcome their prejudices against holding fish worms in their mouths.

IT has been decided that children cannot turn their stepmothers out of the house. Which leads the Philadelphia *Chronicle* to say that this is a step towards encouraging young girls to marry bald-headed widowers.

THE Easton *Free Press* is waiting now for the obituary of the youthful idiot who gives tobacco to the early circus elephant.

THE season has reached Fulton. So we judge from an item in the *Times*, which informs us that "Croquet, and flesh-colored stockings with a little streak running up the sides, have appeared on the lawns in front of Fulton's fashionable residences."

"LUNCH, Grant, lunch, but lunch with care."

This remark is from the wicked *Fat Contributor*.

THE sage of the Bridgeport *Standard* has been making observations, and announces: "The surest sign in the world that they are married is when they enter some public place and she reaches up and pulls down his coat collar, instead of leaning back and picking out soft smiles to throw at him."

"THE Duke of Edinburgh is regarded as the happiest of men. He commands a big iron-clad, and will shortly be able to fire the biggest sort of bomb-shells right into his mother-in-law's house." Thus does the parrographer of the Brooklyn *Eagle* give himself away for a married man.

HERE is a bit of fashionable intelligence from the Kansas City *Times*: "The daughter of Mr. Proddy, of Twelfth street, has returned to her father's house from a visit East, and oh how many fond and foolish boys rejoice over that Proddy gal's return."

In olden times the crowning glory of a woman was her hair, and it is hirsute now.—*Fat Contributor*.

CAVALRY find it impossible to cross the Danube above Widdin. Can't take the 'Orsova, you see.—*Graphic War Punster*.

JENNIE JUNE says that the *Ledger* has greatly fallen off in circulation, and she concludes that all the girls in the country have got through asking Bonner if it is "toney" to sit on a fellow's knee at a candy-pull.

THE Buffalo *Express* takes this discouraging peep into futurity: "Prof. George Coleman, of Philadelphia, intends making a voyage to Europe in a hot-air balloon, in July. The Professor is a comparatively young man, possessed of a thoroughly scientific turn of mind, and endowed with rich social qualities; he has ever been esteemed by all who knew him as an exemplary father and a faithful student. He will leave a wife and four children to mourn his untimely end."

The Easton *Free Press* puts it thus: "The man who will lend his umbrella to an unknown applicant, with the expectation of having it promptly returned, is the least evolved of the descendants of Balaam's distinguished linguist."

"AFTER all," philosophizes the Boston *Transcript*, "telling the naked truth is the only nude departure that is going to bring on the political millennium."



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THIS is the extent to which the *Graphic* carries its profane audacity: "The Warden of Sing Sing Prison says that 1,500 men are easier to manage than 120 women. But what does he want of those last two figures?"



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#### SUMMER SERVICE.

"And where do you expect to go to this Summer, Mum?"  
"To Saratoga."

"Well then, Mum, I'm afraid the place won't suit. My young man summers at Long Branch, and we could not be separated, Mum—not in the season."

#### CAMPAIN DUTY.

"My dear, what *are* you doing?"  
"Practicing, my love, practicing for our little exodus."



#### RESERVED FOR NOBLER PURPOSES.

HE: "I guess, Maria, I'll make a fighter out'r that old Shanghai."

SHE: "Well, Ephraim, I wouldn't. If we're going to take City Boarders this Summer, he'd go a long ways as Fresh Spring Chicken!"



#### WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE SHOULD BE SAUCE FOR THE GOSLING.

LITTLE SON, (who has been taken to see the Grecs-Romans)  
"What! You ain't going to punish me, are you, father? I thought you'd gimme a Gold Champion Belt or something for licking a fellow twice my size."